

Year - but  
may be more  
or navy  
6 + international

Proud Bird



With A

SILVER ASS



PHANTOMS IN THE SKY

A-4E'S HAVE JUST ONE SEAT  
SO THEIR PILOTS CAN BEAT THEE THAT  
IN THE PRIVACY UP IN THE BLUE  
IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT THEY DO

THEIR TORSO BARRIERS GET TOO HIGH  
THEY CAN HARDLY SEE TO FLY  
F-8'S NEVER GET THE CALL  
THEIR PILOTS HAVE NO BALLS AT ALL.

AIR FORCE PLANES MAKE LOTS OF NOISE  
THEIR PILOTS ARE JUST LITTLE BOYS  
SO WHEN THEIR BOMBS GO TONK TONK  
THEY'RE COMING RELIEF FOR THE VICTIMS.

I'M AN A-1 DRIVER CAN'T YOU SEE  
NOT TWO PEOPLE - ONLY ME  
SINGLE SEATED FLYING IS A LAKE  
MY OWN "STANDBY" I FORGOT TO "MARK"

GYRENE CHOPPERS SLICE THROUGH THE AIR  
OFF TO "HASTINGS" THEY SPREAD THEIR WINGS  
ONE THOUSAND MARINES THEY HAULED TODAY  
NOT ONE MARINE WORE A GREEN BIRCH

PHANTOM PILOTS OVER THE DMZ  
DOING OUR PART TO MAKE PEOPLE FINE  
BOMBS AND ROCKETS STREAM THROUGH THE SKY  
IN THE CORP'S TRADITION - SIMPER FI.

OH WHEN THIS TOUR IS OVER AND DONE  
IT'S BACK TO COME FOR SEE AND PUT  
WE'LL REMEMBER THIS HORRIBLE YEAR  
YOU CAN STICK IT IN YOUR EAR.

A-4E'S ARE TINKER TOYS

A-4E'S ARE TINKER TOYS  
THEY ARE FLOWN BY LITTLE BOYS  
AND THEY MAKE A PUNNY NOISE.....PASTORAL

F-4B'S ARE ROCKET SEEDS  
THEY ARE FLOWN BY REAL HOT SEEDS  
AND THEY MAKE A MIGHTY ROAR.....ROAR



AVIATOR'S HYMN  
(TUNE: Battle hymn of the Republic)

pg. 2

Here's a toast to all Marines who wear Navy wings of Gold  
They are fearless fighter pilots, they are brave and they  
are bold  
They arouse a bit and drink a lot in quantities untold.  
And they'll never fly home again.

Chorus: (SUNG AT THE SAME TIME)

GORY, gory, what a helluva way to die  
Stall Spin Crash Burn Die  
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die  
Stall Spin Crash Burn Die  
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die  
Stall Spin Crash Burn Die  
And they'll never fly home again

Oh, it wasn't lack of throttle and it wasn't faulty trim,  
He wasn't turning in the groove, he didn't stall and spin  
He just forgot to switch his tanks; too bad he couldn't swim  
And they'll never fly home again.

CHOURS:

He was coming through the 90 when he got a little slow  
He ignored the waving paddles of the frantic LSO  
When he finally added power, He was just too Goddamned low  
And he'll never fly home again.

CHOURS:

There were little bits of wreckage scattered o'er the Naval  
base  
And a little pool of blood to mark his final resting place  
Now he wears a Mark 8 gunsight where he used to wear his face  
And he'll never fly home again.

CHOURS: I saw a burning body fall from 40,000 feet  
He squirmed, he kicked, he clawed the air, my God but it was neat  
With the chute wrapped round his body and the shrouds around his feet  
And he'll never fly home again.

The aircraft came to rest in such a state you'd not believe  
(It never got like that performing high-time fighter weave)  
And four days later, the pilot did his major's leaves receive  
And they'll never fly home again.

CHOURS: Ten thousand dollars going to their wives  
Ten thousand dollars in exchange for their lives  
(Oh won't they be excited, Oh won't they be delighted  
Think of all the things that they can buy.)  
More Goddamned money and no more family strife,



IT'S ALL A BLOODY SHAME

IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER  
IT'S THE POOR WHAT GETS THE BLAME  
IT'S THE RICH WHAT GETS THE GRAVY  
AIN'T IT ALL A BLOODY SHAME

STANDING ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT  
THROWING SNOWBALLS AT THE MOON  
SHE SAID JACK I'VE NEVER HAD IT  
BUT SHE SPOKE TOO GODDAMN SOON

SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST  
VICTIM OF A RICH MAN'S WEIM  
FIRST HE GOOSED HER THEN HE SEDUCED HER  
AND SHE HAD A CHILD BY HIM...

NOW HE'S IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS  
MAKING LAWS TO RULE MANKIND  
WHILE SHE ROAMS THE STREETS OF LONDON  
SELLING CHUNKS OF HER BEHIND.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

A BLOODY FEETUS ON A MARBLE SLAB  
A TEN-INCH PENUS WITH A SYPHILIS SORE  
A QUICKIE BLOW JOB IN A TAXI CAB  
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

A TWAT THAT TWITCHES LIKE A MOOSE'S BAR  
A DRYED-UP CONDOM IN A GLASS OF BEER  
A TEN POUND TITTY IN A LOOSE BRASSIERE  
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

A DIRTY JOCKSTRAP ON THE BARROOM FLOOR  
A POOL OF BLOOD BESIDE A SLEEPING WEIR  
A ROLLED-UP TAMPAX LIKE AN APPLE CORE  
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

HERE'S TO THE MAJOR'S

HERE'S TO THE MAJOR'S, THE MAJOR'S, THE MAJOR'S  
OH, HERE'S TO THE MAJOR'S, THE WORST OF THEM ALL

THEY EAT IT, THEY EAT IT, THEY ALWAYS MISTREAT IT--  
OH, HERE'S TO THE MAJOR'S, THE WORST OF THEM ALL.



QUIT CROSSING YOUR LEGS

QUIT CROSSING YOUR LEGS, YOU'RE CRUSHING MY GLASSES,  
YOU'RE FUCKING UP A GOOD CIGAR.

HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_

HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_, TO \_\_\_\_\_, TO \_\_\_\_\_  
HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_, THE BEST OF THEM ALL,  
HE EATS IT, HE BEATS IT, HE OFTEN MISTREATS IT,  
HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_, THE BEST OF THEM ALL.

RING A DING A DING DING

RING A DING A DING DING, BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS  
RING A DING A DIN DING, BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS  
RING A DING A DING A DING BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS  
LIFT UP YOUR SKIRTS AND BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS.

COOL

I'M AS COOL AS THE TIP OF AN ESKIMO'S TOOL  
I'M AS COOL AS A FISH IN A FROZEN POOL  
COOL AS A PANE OF FROSTED GLASS  
COOL AS THE FRINGE AROUND A POLAR BEAR'S ASS  
\* \* \* \* \* COOL

THE BIG FUCKING WHEEL

I ONCE KNEW A MAN, OH HOW HE SIGNED, I KNOW NOT IF THE BASTARD  
LIES FOR HE HAD A WIFE WHO COULD NOT BE SATISFIED. SO HE BUILT  
HIMSELF A PRICK OF STEEL, AND MOUNTED IT TO A BIG FUCKING  
WHEEL TWO BALLS OF BRASS HE FILLED WITH CREAM AND THE WHOLE  
FUCKING ISSUE WAS RUN BY STEAM. CHORUS: ROUND AND ROUND WENT  
THE BIG FUCKING WHEEL AND IN AND OUT WENT THE BIG PRICK OF  
STEEL. AND THE MAIDEN CRIES, AT LAST, AT LAST, I'M SATISFIED  
NOW THAT WAS THE SAD PART OF IT FOR THERE WAS NO STOPPING IT  
THE MAIDEN WAS TORN FROM TWAT TO TIT AND THE WHOLE FUCKING  
ISSUE BLEW UP IN SHIT.



WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE

IN THIS DIRTY OLD PART OF THE CITY  
WHERE THE SUN REFUSES TO SHINE  
PEOPLE TELL ME THERE AIN'T NO USE IN TRYING

NOW MY GIRL YOU'RE SO YOUNG AND PRETTY  
AND A ONE THING I KNOW IS TRUE  
YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOUR TIME IS DUE

WATCH MY DADDY IN BED AND TIRED  
WATCH HIS HEAD TURNING THIN AND GRAY  
HE'S BEEN WORKIN AND SLAVEING HIS LIFE AWAY

(BACKGROUND) WORK

(LEAD) HE'S WORKIN SO HARD

(BACKGROUND) WORK

(LEAD) I'VE BEEN WORKIN SO HARD

(BACKGROUND) WORK

(LEAD) EVERY NITE TILL LATE

(BACKGROUND) WORK

(BACKGROUND AND LEAD) WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK.

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE  
IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE EVER DO  
WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE  
GIRL THERE'S A BETTER LIFE FOR ME AND YOU

SNOOPY VERSUS THE RED BARON

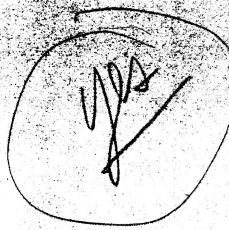
AFTER THE TURN OF THE CENTURY  
IN THE CLEAR BLUE SKIES OVER GERMANY  
CAME A ROAR AND A THUNDER

LIKE MEN HAVE NEVER HEARD  
LIKE THE SCREAMING SOUNDS OF A BIG WARBIRO

UP IN THE SKY, A MAN IN A PLANE  
BARON VON REICHOFFEN WAS HIS NAME  
80 MEN TRIED, AND 80 DIED  
NOW THEY'RE BURIED TOGETHER ON THE COUNTRY SIDE.

10, 20, 30, 40, 50 OR MORE  
THE BLOODY RED BARON WAS ROLLIN UP THE SCORE  
80 MEN DIED TRYIN TO END THE SPREE  
OF THE BLOODY RED BARON OF GERMANY

IN THE NICK OF TIME A HERO AROSE  
A FUNNY LOOK'N DOG WITH A BIG BLACK NOSE  
HE FLEW INTO THE SKY TO SEEK REVENGE  
BUT THE BARON SHOT HIM DOWN, CURSES FOILED AGAIN





REPEAT CHOURS\*

NOW SNOOPY SWORE THAT HE'D GET THAT MAN  
SO HE ASKED THE GREAT PUMPKIN FOR A NEW BATTLE PLAN  
HE CHALLENGED THE GERMAN TO A REAL DOGFIGHT  
WHILE THE BARON WAS LAUGHING, HE GOT HIM IN HIS SIGETS

REPEAT CHOURS\*

THE BLOODY RED BARON WAS IN A FIX  
HE TRIED EVERYTHING, BUT HE'D RUN OUT OF TRICKS  
SNOOPY FIRED ONCE, AND HE FIRED TWICE  
AND THE BLOODY RED BARON WAS SPINNING OUT OF SIGHT

REPEAT CHOURS TWICE \*

KING OF THE ROAD

TRAILER FOR SALE OR RENT: ROOMS TO LET-FIFTY CENTS;  
NO PHONE, NO POOL, NO PETS: I AIN'T GOT NO CIGARETTES.  
AH, BUT TWO HOURS OF PUSHIN BROOM, BUYS AN EIGHT BY TWELVE,  
FOUR BIT ROOM.  
I'M A MAN OF MEANS, BY NO MEANS KING OF THE ROAD

THIRD BOXCAR, MIDNIGHT TRAIN DESTINATION, BANGOR MAINE.  
OLD WORN OUT SUIT AND SHOES: I DON'T PAY NO UNION DUES.  
I SMOKE OLD STOGIES I HAVE FOUND, SHORT BUT NOT TOO BIG AROUND.  
I'M A MAN OF MEANS, BY NO MEANS, KING OF THE ROAD

REPEAT FIRST ~~VERSE~~ VERSE\*

I KNOW EVERY ENGINEER ON EVERY TRAIN,  
ALL OF THE CHILDREN AND ALL OF THE NAMES  
AND EVERY HANDOUT IN EVERY TOWN.  
AND EVERY LOCK THAT AIN'T LOCKED WHEN NO ONE'S AROUND  
I'M A MAN OF MEANS, BY NO MEANS, KING OF THE ROAD.

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT, AND NEVER BROUGHT TO MIND?  
SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT, AND DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE?

CHOURS: FOR AULD LANG SYNE, MY DEAR  
FOR AULD LANG SYNE;  
WE'LL TAKE A CUP OF KINDNESS YET,  
FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

AND HERE'S A HAND MY TRUSTY FRIEND,  
AND GI'US A HAND O' THINE;  
WE'LL TAKE A RIGHT GUDE WILLING DRAUGHT,  
FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

100 MILES (TIME OF 500 MILES)

09.7

IF YOU MISS THE CHURCH I'M IN  
COME AROUND AND FART AGAIN  
YOU CAN SMELL THE PEOPLE BURN 100 MILES

CHORUS: 100 MILES 100MILES YOU CAN.....  
YOU CAN..... 100 MILES

THROW CANDY ON THE GROUND  
TAKE THE GUN AND SHOOT THEM DOWN  
YOU CAN SEE THE CHILDREN DIE 100 MILES

CHORUS  
AS YOUR DIVING TO THE DECK  
PICK OUT A SCHOOL YOU CAN WRECK  
YOU CAN HEAR THE CHILDREN SCREAM 100 MILES

CHORUS  
WHEN THIS BLOODY WAR IS WON  
WE'LL GO SEE WHAT WE HAVE DONE  
ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE PILES OF BONE, PILES OF BONES

CHORUS

SALLY

SALLY'S IN THE GARDEN SIPPIN CIDER  
LIFTS UP HER LEG AND FARTS LIKE A MAN  
THE GAS FROM HER ASS BROKE FORTY WINDOWS  
THE CHEEKS OF HER ASS GO BAM BAM BAM

THE GLIDERS PILOT'S LAMENT

DON'T FLUSH THE TOILET IN THE TOW PLANE  
WHEN THERE'S A GLIDER ATTACHED TO THE LINE  
IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO KEEP THE GLIDER IN PLACE  
WITHOUT ALL THAT SHIT FLYING BACK IN MY FACE  
SO DON'T FLUSH THE TOILET IN THE TOW PLANE  
WHEN THERES A GLIDER ATTACHED TO THE LINE

A TOAST

MAY YOUR BLOODY FEELS DISTRESS YOU  
AND CORNS 'DORN YOUR FEET  
AND CRABS AS BIG AS HORSE TURDS  
CRAWL ON YOUR BALLS TO EAT  
AND WHEN YOUR OLD AND FEEBLE

A SYPHILITIC WRECK

MAY YOUR HEAD FALL THROUGH YOU ASSHOLE  
AND BREAK YOUR FUCKING NECK

yes

2.

2.

2.



SHAME ON YOU

SHAME ON YOU  
 SHAME ON YOU  
 YOU SAID A DIRTY WORD  
 SKIPPER'S GONNA GET YOU  
 SKIPPER'S GONNA GET YOU  
 SKIPPER'S GONNA HAVE YOUR ASS!

HOWTCHA?

HOWTCHA? HOWTCHA?  
 HOWTCHA LIKE TO BITE MY ASS?

I'M A NON-COMBATANT PUKE (sung to: YANK MY DOODLE, IT'S A DANDY)

I'M A NON COMBATANT ASSHOLE  
 I HAVE NEVER KILLED A CONG  
 I JUST SIT AROUND AND SHOOT THE SHIT  
 GO HOME AND YANK ON MY DONG  
 I BOUGHT MY RIBBONS AT A PAWN SHOP  
 ONLY COST TWO NINETY-FIVE  
 I WAS ALIVE IN 65 AND I'LL BE ALIVE IN 80  
 I AM A NON-COMBATANT PUKE.

*variation  
in Vol II*

ASSHOLES OF THE GROUP

YOU CAN'T DRINK, YOU CAN'T SCREW,  
 WONDER WHAT THE HELL YOU CAN DO  
 YOU AIN'T GOT NO POOP  
 YOU'RE THE ASSHOLE OF THE GROUP.

*variation of  
above*

HYMM

HYMMHHHHHHHHHHH  
 HYMMHHHHHHHHHHH  
 FUCK HYMMHHHHHHH

*yes?*

OLD \_\_\_\_\_ USED TO OWN A GROCERY STORE

OLD \_\_\_\_\_ USED TO OWN A GROCERY STORE,  
 HE USED TO HANG HIS MEAT UPON THE OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR  
 ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN USED TO YELL AND SCREAM AND SHOUT!  
 "OLD \_\_\_\_\_, YOUR PORK IS HANGING OUT!"

I'M LOOKING UNDER ( FOUR LEAF CLOVER)

I'M LOOKING UNDER A SKIRT AND WONDER  
WHY I'VE NEVER LOOKED THERE BEFORE  
FIRST COMES THE ANKLES AND THEN THE KNEES,  
THEN COMES THE PANTIES THAT SWAY IN THE BREEZE.  
NO USE EXPLAINING THE THING REMAINING,  
ITS SOMETHING WE ALL ADORE.  
I'M LOOKING UNDER A SKIRT AND WONDER  
WHY I'VE NEVER LOOKED BEFORE.

#### THE DUMMY

YOU TAKE A LEG FROM SOME OLD TABLE  
YOU TAKE AN ARM FROM SOME OLD CHAIR  
YOU TAKE A NECK FROM SOME OLD BOTTLE  
AND FROM A HORSES' ASS YOU TAKE A LITTLE HAIR  
AND THEN YOU PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER  
WITH A LITTLE SPIT AND GLUE  
AND I GET MORE LOVIN FROM THIS GOD DAMNED DUMMY  
THAN I EVER GOT FROM YOU

#### NELLY DARLIN'

OH YOUR ASS IS LIKE A STOVEPIPE, NELLY DARLIN'  
AND THE NIPPLES ON YOUR TITS ARE TURNING GREEN  
THERE'S A YARD OF LINT PROTRUDING FROM YOUR NAVAL  
YOU'RE THE UGLIEST FUCKING BITCH I'VE EVER SEEN,  
THERE'S A THOUSAND GNATS BUZZING AROUND YOUR ASSHOLE,  
WHEN YOU PISS, YOU PISS A STREAM AS GREEN AS GRASS.  
THERE'S ENOUGH WAX IN YOUR EARS TO MAKE A CANDLE.  
SO WHY NOT MAKE ONE DEAR, AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS !!!

#### I LOVE MY GIRL

I LOVE MY GIRL (YES I DO, YES I DO )  
I LOVE HER TRULY.  
I LOVE THE HOLE SHE PISSES THROUGH.  
I LOVE HER RUBY RED LIPS,  
HER LILLY WHITE TITS,  
THE HAIR AROUND HER ASSHOLE,  
I'D EAT HER SHIT ( CHOMP WOOF, CHOMP WOOF )  
IF SHE ASKED ME TO.  
I'D EAT HER POOP ( SCOOPY DOOP, SCOOPY DOOP )  
WITH AN ICE CREAM SCOOP.



STRAFE THE TOWN (TUNE: WAKE THE PEOPLE)

STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE, IT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO  
SET YOUR GUNSIGHTS RESIDENTIAL, YOU'LL GET MORE KILLS IF YOU DO  
DROP THE NAPALM IN THE SCHOOLYARD, SEE THE CHILDREN RUN AND SHOUT  
NOTE THE MASS HYSTERIA, AS THEY TRY TO PUT IT OUT

DROP YOUR SNAKEYES IN THE TEMPLE, SEE THE ZIPPERES IN THE BLAST  
WATCH THEM TRAMPLE ONE ANOTHER TRYING TO SAVE THEIR ASS  
SHOOT YOUR GUNIS AT THE SANPAN, PULL UP QUICK TO MISS THE FIRE  
B ABY WON'T YOU LIGHT MY FIRE

SWEET ANGELINA

WAY DOWN IN EL PASO, WHERE HORSE SHIT IS DEEP  
AND SOLDIERS WANDER WHERE MEXICANS SLEEP  
LIES SWEET ANGELINA THE GIRL I ADORE  
TH AT ROUGH FUCKING, COCK SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

CHORUS

SWEET ANGELINA, MY ANGELINA  
MY LOVE FOR YOU WILL NEVER DIE  
SWEET ANGELINA, MY ANGELINA  
THAT ROUGH FUCKING, COCK SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

CHORUS

SHE'LL FUCK YOU, SHE'LL SUCK YOU  
SHE'LL CHEW ON YOUR NUTS  
AND IF YOUR NOT CAREFUL SHE'LL SUCK OUT YOUR GUTS  
THAT SWEET ANGELINA, THE GIRL I ADORE  
THAT ROUGH FUCKING, COCK SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

THE PALE MOON

IT'S TH E THE PALE MOON THAT EXCITES ME  
THAT THRILLS AND DELIGHTS ME, OH NO  
IT'S YOUR ASS, IT'S YOUR ASS, IT'S YOUR BIG FAT ASS

OH MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL FUCKEM ALL  
OH MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL FUCKEM ALL  
OH MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL AND I ONLY HAVE ONEEBALL  
BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NONE AT ALL FUCKEM ALL

OH THEY SAY I SHOT A MAN DEAD FUCKEM ALL  
OH THEY SAW I SHOT A MAN DEAD FUCKEM ALL  
OH THEY SAY I SHOT A MAN DEAD WITH A LITTLE PIECE OF LEAD  
NOW THAT SILLY BASTARDS DEAD FUCKEM ALL

OH THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING FUCKEM ALL  
OH THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING FUCKEM ALL  
OH THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING FROM A LITTLE PEICE OF STRING  
WHAT A SILLY FUCKEN THING FUCKEM ALL

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL  
THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL  
THE PLACE IS FULL OF QUEERS, NAVIGATORS, BOMBARDIERS  
BUT THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

OH THERE ARE NO AIR FORCE PILOTS IN THE FRAY  
THERE ARE NO AIR FORCE PILOTS IN THE FRAY  
THEY'RE ALL IN USOS WEARING RIBBONS ~~####~~ AND FANCY CLOTHES  
AND THERE ARE NO AIR FORCE PILOTS IN THE FRAY

OH THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS IN THE SCRAP  
THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS IN THE SCRAP  
THEY'RE ALL IN BOO'S READING BUREAU AREO NEWS  
AND THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS IN THE SCRAP

THERE ARE NO SILVER EAGLES DOWN BELOW  
OH THERE ARE NO SILVER EAGLES DOWN BELOW  
THEY'RE ALL UP IN THE STARS MAKING LOVE TO WM'S  
THERE ARE NO SILVER EAGLES DOWN BELOW

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES  
THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES  
THEY'RE ON FORIEGN SHORES, MAKING MOTHERS OUT OF WHORES  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES



THE MONEY ROLLS IN

pg. 12

MY FATHER MAKES BOOK ON THE CORNER  
MY MOTHER MAKES SECOND HAND GIN  
MY SISTER MAKES LOVE FOR A DOLLAR  
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

CHOURS: ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN  
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN  
ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN  
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN !!!!

MY BROTHERS A POOR MISSIONARY  
HE SAVES FALLEN WOMEN FROM SIN  
HE'LL SAVE YOU A BLOND FOR FIVE DOLLARS  
MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!!!

MY UNCLE IS WHITTILING OUT CANDLES  
FROM WAX THAT IS SPECIALLY SOFT  
HE SAYS THAT THEY'LL COME IN REAL HANDY  
IF EVER HIS BUSINESS DROPS OFF !!

I'VE LOST ALL MY DOUGH ON THE HORSES  
I'M SICK FROM THE SECOND-HAND GIN  
I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH MY FATHER  
MY GOD, WHAT A MESS I'M IN!!!!!!

THE BALL OF BALLYMOOR

CHOURS: HOW DO YA LAST NIGHT, HOW DO YOU NO-O  
THE LAD THAT HAD YA LAST NIGHT  
HE'S GONNA HAVE YE NO-O

THE BALL, THE BALL, THE BALL OF BALLYMOOR  
YOUR WIFE AND MY WIFE WERE DO'N IT ON THE BALL ROOM FLOOR SING'N..

THEY WERE DO'N IT IN THE PARLOR, DO'N IT ON THE STONES  
AND YOU COULDN'T HEAR THE MUSIC FOR THE WHEEZING AND THE GROANS,  
SING'N...

THE DEACONS WIFE WAS STAND'N THERE, HER BACK AGAINST THE WALL  
PUT YOUR MONEY ON THE TABLE BOYS I'M GO'N TO DO YA ALL  
SING'N....

THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOR, EATING BREAD AND HONEY  
THE KING WAS IN THE CHAMBERMAID AND SHE WAS IN THE MONEY, SING'N..

THEY TRIED IT ON THE GARDEN PATH AND ONCE AROUND THE PARK,  
AND WHEN THE CANDLES SNOTTED OUT, THEY DID IT IN THE DARK, SING'N...

THE LETTER CARRIER HE WAS THERE THE POOR MAN HAD THE POX,  
HE COULD NOT DO THE LASSES SO HE DID THE LETTER BOX, SING'N...

THE BALL OF BALLYNOOP (CON'T)

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THEY WERE DO'N IT IN THE RAFTERS, THEY WERE DO'N IT IN THE PICKS  
AND YOU COULD NOT HEAR THE MUSIC FOR THE SWISH'N OF THE PRICKS,  
SING'N....

THEY WERE DO'N IT IN THE PARLOR, THEY WERE DO'N IT ON THE STAIR  
AND YOU COULD NOT SEE THE CARPET FOR THE WEALTH OF PUBIC HAIR,  
SING'N....

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE, SHE WAS THERE, SHE HAD THE CROWD IN FITS,  
BY JUMPING OFF THE MANTLEPIECE AND LANDINC ON HER TITS SING'N...

THE VILLAGE IDIOT, HE WAS THERE PLAY'N THE PERFECT FOOL,  
HE PULLED HIS FORESKIN OVER HIS HEAD AND WHISTLED THROUGH HIS  
TOOL, SING'N ...

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, HE WAS THERE, WHAT DO YA THINK OF THAT?

THE VILLAGE CARPENTER HE WAS THERE, PLAY'N THE PERFECT FOOL,  
HE SAT UNDER THE OLD OAK TREE AND WHITTLED OFF HIS TOOL SING'N...

THE VILLAGE CRIPPLE HE WAS THERE HE COULD NOT DO MUCH,  
HE LAID'EM ON THE TABLE AND DID'EM WITH HIS CRUTCH, SING'N...

THE MAYOR'S WIFE, SHE WAS THERE, SITTING DOWN IN FRONT,  
A WREATH OF ROSES IN HER HAIR, A CAPROT IN HER CUNT, SING'N...

AT FIRST THEY DONE IT SEMPLE, THEN THEY TRIED IT HE'S AND SHE'S  
AND WHEN THE BALL WAS ROLLING, THEY WENT AT IT FIVES AND THREES,  
SING'N...

AND WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER, EVERYONE CONFESSED,  
THE MUSIC WAS EXQUISITE, BUT THE DOINC WAS THE BEST.

HEY LI-DI-LI-DI

chours; He LI-DI-LI-DI-LI-DI  
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LOW  
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LI-DI  
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LOW

I KNOW A GIRL, SHE LIVES ON A HILL  
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA  
SHE WON'T DO IT BUT HER SISTER WIL  
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA

I KNOW A GIRL ALL DRESSED IN PINK, HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA  
SHE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A FINGER STINK, HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA

I KNOW A GUY NAMED BUFFALO BILL, HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA  
DO YOU KNOW HIS BUFFALO WILL? HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA



IN CHINA NEVER EAT CHILE

pg 14

CHQURS: AY, YI, YI, YI

IN CHINA THEY NEVER EAT CHILE ( PUSSY )

SO SING ME ANOTHER VERSE

THAT'S WORSE THAN THE OTHER VERSE

AND WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLY!

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN NAMED DAVE  
WHO KEPT A DEAD WHORE IN HIS CAVE  
SHE WAS BIG AND SMELLY AND HAD A POT-BEELY  
BUT THINK OF THE MONEY HE SAVED

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM NANTUCKET  
WHOSE DICK WAS SO LONG HE COULD SUCK IT  
HE SAID WITH A CRIN AS HE WHIPPED OFF HIS CHIN  
IF MY BAR WAS A CUNT I COULD FUCK IT

THERE WAS A TEAM OF TOM AND LOUISE  
WHO DID AN ACT WHILE ON THERE KNEES  
THEY CRAWLED DOWN THE AISLE WHILE SCREWING DOG-STYLE  
AND THE ORCHESTRA PLAYED KILMER'S "TRZES"

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM BOSTON  
WHO BOUGHT HIMSELF A NEW AUSTIN  
THERE WAS ROOM FOR HIS ASS AND A GALLON OF GAS  
BUT THE PEST HUNG OUT AND HE LOST 'EM

THERE WAS A LADY FROM CAPE COD  
WHO THOUGHT ALL CHILDERN CAME FROM GOD  
IT WAS NT THE ALMIGHTY WHO GOT IN HER NIGHTY  
IT WAS ROGER THE LODGER BY GOD

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN NAMED MCGRUDER  
WHO DATED A GIRL FROM BERMUDA  
SHE THOUGHT SHE'D BE SCHPEWD AND SWIM IN THE NUDE  
BUT MCGRUDER WAS SCHPEWDER AND SCREWED HER,

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM WEAVER  
WHO HAD AN AFFAIR WITH A BEAVER  
THE RESULTS OF THE FUCK WAS TWO GEESE AND A DUCK  
AND AN OFF-COLOR IRISH RETRIEVER

A LOVELY YOUNG MISS NAMED SUE  
DREAMT SHE WAS EATING A GNU  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT SHE WOKE UP IN A FRIGHT  
TO FIND OUT IT WAS PERFECTLY TRUE

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG MAN NAMED MCNAIR  
WHO WAS ONCE SCREWING HIS GIRL ON THE STAIR  
THE BANNISTER BROKE ON THE 99TH STROKE  
AND HE FINISHED HER OFF IN MID-AIR.

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG MAN FROM RANCINE  
WHO INVENTED A MASTERBATING MACHINE  
CONCAVE AND CONVEX IT WOULD FIT EITHER SEX  
BUTOH, WHAT A BASTARD TO CLEAN.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM PERU  
WHO FELL ASLEEP WHILE IN A CANOE  
HE DREAMT THAT VENUS TICKLED HIS PENUS  
AND WOKE UP WITH A CANOE FULL OF COO

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM DUNDEE  
WHO FUCKED WITH AN APE IN A TREE  
THE RESULTS WERE SO HORRID, ALL ASS AND NO FOREHEAD  
FOUR RALLS AND A PURPLE GOATEE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM THE AZORES  
WHOSE BODY WAS ALL COVERED WITH SORES  
THE DOGS IN THE STREET WOULDNT EAT THE GREEN MEAT  
THAT HUNG IN FESTOONS FROM HER DRAWERS

THERE ONCE WAS A MAJOR NAMED KRUTHERS  
WHO SAID, "IF I HAD MY DRUTHERS"  
I'D HUMP YOUR KID SISTERS 'TIL THEIR BACKS WERE ALL BLISTERS  
THEN I'D STAPT ON YOUR MOTHERS

WE ONCE HAD A SKIPPER, "FRED FEARLESS"  
WHOSE SEXUAL PROWESS WAS PEERLESS  
'TIL HIS DICK HE DID WRENCH AS HE FELL OFF THE BENCH  
WHILE SCREWING IN BACK OF A CERLIST

THERE ONCE WAS A LADY FROM IMPEDES  
WHO LOVED TO ENGAGE IN COTTUS  
SHE FUCKED A HALFBACK AND THEN A FULLBACK  
UNTIL SHE GOT ATHELETE'S PETUS

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM DALLAS  
WHO USED DYNAMITE FOR A PHALLUS  
THEY FOUND HER VAGINA IN NORTH CAROLINA  
AND HER ASS IN BUCKINGHAM ~~WALL~~ PALACE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM WHEELING  
WHO HAD A PECULIAR FEELING  
SHE LAY ON HER BACK AND TICKLED HER CRACK  
AND PISSED ALL OVER THE CEILING

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM TRENT  
WHOSE DICK WAS SO LONG IT WAS BENT  
TO SAVE HIMSELF TROUBLE, HE STUCK IT IN DOUBLE  
SO INSTEAD OF COMING, HE WENT.



THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

pg. 16

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN SAT, IN AN ENGLISH TAVERN, THREE JOLLY COACHMEN SAT, IN AN ENGLISH TAVERN, AND THEY DECIDED THEN, AND THEY DECIDED THEN, TO HAVE ANOTHER: FLAGON-GO.

CHOURS

LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL, TILL THE CUP RUNS OVER, LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL, FULL OF THE BROWN OCTOBER. FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, TOMORROW WE'LL BE SOBER

BUT HE WHO DRINKS JUST WHAT HE LIKES, AND SETTETH HALF SEAS OVER, BUT HE WHO DRINKS JUST WHAT HE LIKES, AND GETTETH HALF SEAS OVER, LIVES UNTIL HE DIES PERHAPS, LIVES UNTIL HE DIES PERHAPS, LIVES UNTIL HE DIES PERHAPS, THEY BED HIM DOWN IN CLOVER.

BOTH HE WHO DRINKS STOUT ALE, AND GOES TO BED QUITE MELLOW, BUT HE WHO DRINKS STOUT ALE, AND GOES TO BED QUITE MELLOW, LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE, LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE, LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE, AND DIES A HEARTY FELLOW.

A GIRL WHOSE KISSED JUST ONCE, AND RUNS TO TELL HER MOTHER, A GIRL WHO'S KISSED JUST ONCE, AND RUNS TO TELL HER MOTHER, DOES A VERY FOOLISH THING, DOES A VERY FOOLISH THING, DOES A VERY FOLISH THING, SHE'LL NEVER BE A MOTHER.

SO LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL, TILL THE CUP RUNNETH OVER, LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL, FULL OF BROWN OCTOBER, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, TOMORROW WE'LL BE SOBER.

A GIRL WHO KISSED JUST ONCE, AND WAITS TO GET ANOTHER, A GIRL WHO GETS KISSED ONCE AND WAITS TO GET ANOTHER, IS A BOON TO ALL MANKIND IS A BOON TO ALL MANKIND, IS A BOON TO ALL MANKIND, SHE'S SURE TO BE A MOTHER.

EVENING IN OCTOBER

'T WAS AN EVENING IN OCTOBER AND I WAS FAR FROM SOBER  
I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET WITH MANLY PRIDE  
WHEN MY FEET BEGAN TO FLUTTER I FELL DOWN IN THE GUTTER  
AND A PIG CAME UP AND LAY DOWN BY MY SIDE

AND HE WARBLER: "IT'S FAIR WEATHER WHEN GOOD FRIENDS GET TOGETHER"  
AN A LADY PASSING BY WAS HEARD TO SAY  
"YOU CAN TELL A MAN WHO BOOZES BY THE COMPANY HE CHOOSES"  
SO THE PIG GOT UP AND SLOWLY WALKED AWAY

*maybe*

WIND FLIGHT

Pg. 17

I HAVE SLIPPED THE SURLY BONDS OF EARTH,  
AND DANCED THE SKIES ON LAUGHTER-SILVERED WINGS.  
SUNWARD I'VE CLIMBED AND JOINED THE TUMBLING MIRTH  
OF SUN-SPLIT CLOUDS,  
AND DONE A THOUSAND THINGS YOU'VE NEVER DREAMED OF,  
WHIRLED, SOARED, AND SWUNG HIGH IN THE SUNLIT SILENCE.

HOVERING THERE, I'VE FLUNG MY RACER CRAFT THRU FOOTLESS  
HALLS OF AIR.

UP, UP, THE LONG DELIRIOUS BURNING BLUE.  
I'VE TOPPED THE WIND SWEEP BRIGHTS WITH EASY GRACE  
WHERE NEVER LARK NOR EAGLE FLEW.

AND WITH SILENT LIFTING MIND I'VE TROD THE UNTRESSPASSED  
SANCITY OF SPACE, PUT OUT MY HAND AND TOUCHED THE FACE OF GOD.

JOHN GILLESPIE MAGEE

FIGHTER PILOT - BATTLE OF BRITAIN

STAND BY YOUR GLASSES

STAND BY YOUR GLASSES STEADY,  
THIS WORLD IS FULL OF LIES.  
HERE'S TO THE DEAD ALREADY,  
AND HURRAH!! FOR THE NEXT MAN WHO DIES.

SUNG BY WWI BRITISH FIGHTER PILOTS  
BLOODY APRIL, 1917, IN FRANCE

THE SINGING TELEGRAM

YOUR SON GOT KILLED TODAY,  
HE BOUGHT THE FARM, HA HA.  
HE FLEW HIS F4B RIGHT INTO SUBIC BAY  
WHILE FLYING HIGH AND FAR,  
ON HIS HORIZON BAR,  
HE WENT DOWN TURNING, SPINNING, DECENDING 'WAY TOO FAST  
UPON RECOVERY, QUITE ACCIDENTALLY,  
HE HAD A RENDEZVOUS WITH A FRIENDLY SPARROW THREE.  
( PAUSE ) FLY NAVY



TAKE IT OUT AT THE BALL GAME (to the tune of "TAKE ME OUT TO  
THE BALL GAME")

Do 13

TAKE IT OUT AT THE BALL GAME  
WAVE IT AROUND AT THE CROWD  
FEED IT IN SOME PEANUTS AND CRACKER JACK  
I DON'T CARE IF YOU GIVE IT A WHACK  
FOR IT'S BEAT YOUR MEAT AT THE BALL GAME  
IF YOU DON'T COME IT'S A SHAME  
FOR IT'S ONE TWO THREE STROKES YOU'RE OUT  
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.!!

SHE WORE HER NIGHTIE (TO THE TUNE OF "SHE WORE A TULIP")

SHE WORE HER NIGHTIE, HER LILLY WHITE NIGHTIE  
AND I WORE MY B.V.D.'S  
FIRST I CARESSED HER AND THEN I UNDRESSED HER  
WHAT A SIGHT SHE SHOWED TO ME  
I PLAYED WITH THOSE TITTIES, THOSE LILLY WHITE TITTIES

AND DOWN WHERE THE SHORT HAIR GROWS  
AS OUR KISSES GREW SWEETER, I WHIPPED OUT MY PETER  
AND WHITE-WASHED HER BIG RED ROSE !!!

BORN IN A WHORE HOUSE (TO THE TUNE OF "BEAUTIFUL DREAMER")

BORN IN A WHORE HOUSE RAISED AS A SLAVE  
FUCKING AND FIGHTING IS ALL THAT I CRAVE  
BURSTING OUT WINDOWS BREAKING DOWN DOORS  
CALLING YOUNG MAIDENS DIRTY OLD WHORES

COME GATHER AROUND AND WE'LL HAVE A TODDY  
THEN WE'LL GO OUT AND FUCK EVERYBODY  
BORN IN A WHORE HOUSE RAISED AS A SLAVE  
FUCKING AND FIGHTING IS ALL THAT WE CRAVE.

FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK (TO THE TUNE OF "ON WISCONSIN")

FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK  
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK  
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK (EEC.)

THE FRAIR

pg. 19

THERE WAS A FRIAR OFFOREAT RENOWN  
THERE WAS A FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN  
THERE WAS A FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN

AND HE: FUCKED A GIRL FROM OUT OF TOWN  
HE FUCKED A GIRL FROM OUT OF TOWN

CHOURS: HA HA HA  
HO HO HO  
HORSE SHIT:  
THAT NO GOOD SON OF A BITCH !!  
THAT ROTTEN OLD COCKSUCKER !!  
FUCK HIM !!

SHE SAID, "KIND SIR PLEASE CEASE AND QUIT"  
SHE SAID, "KIND SIR PLEASE CEASE AND QUIT"  
SHE SAID, "KIND SIR PLEASE CEASE AND QUIT"

AND HE: BIT HER ON THE ROSEY TIT  
HE BIT HER ON THE ROSEY TIT

CHOURS: HE LAID HER ON THE DEWY GRASS  
HE LAID HER ON THE DEWY GRASS  
HE LAID HER ON THE DEWY GRASS

AND HE: RAMMED HIS PENUS UP HER ASS  
HE RAMMED HIS PENUS UP HER ASS  
A CHILD WAS BORN UNTO THE EARTH...  
AND HE: MADE HER EAT THE AFTERBIRTH.

CHOURS: THEY BURIED HER ON CHESTNUT STREET  
THEY BURIED HER ON CHESTNUT STREET  
THEY BURIED HER ON CHESTNUT STREET

AND HE: SAT ON HER GRAVE AND BEAT HIS MEAT  
HE SAT ON HER GRAVE AND BEAT HIS MEAT

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHART

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHART  
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU  
LET ME STROKE YOUR VULVA  
'TIL IT FILLS WITH GOO  
LET ME BITE YOUR BOOBIES  
'TIL THERE BLACK AND BLUE  
LET'S PLAY HIDE THE WEENIE  
UP YOUR OLD WAZZOO !!!!!!!



WAS IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSHIN

pg. 20

WAS IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSHIN  
PUT THE STAINS ON THE CUSHIN  
FOOT PRINTS ON THE DASHBOARD UPSIDE DOWN?

WAS IT YOU WHOSE SLY WOOD PECKER  
GOT INTO MY GIRL REBECCA?  
IF IT WAS, YOU'D BETTER LEAVE THIS TOWN

REPLY

YES, IT WAS I WHO DID THE PUSHIN  
PUT THE STAINS ON THE CUSHIN  
PUT THE FOOT PRINTS ON THE DASHBOARD UPSIDE DOWN

EVER SINCE I LAID YOUR DAUGHTER  
I'VE HAD TROUBLE PASSIN WATER  
GUESS WE'LL CALL IT EVEN ALL AROUND!

BYE BYE CHERRY

OH, BACK HER ASS AGAINST THE WALL HERE I COME BALLS AND ALL,  
BYE BYE CHERRY,  
OH, SHE CAME ONCE AND I CAME TWICE, HOLY JUMPING JESUS CHRIST.  
CHERRY BYE BYE.

MY RED HAVEN (BLUE HEAVEN)

WHEN EVENING DRAWS NIGH, AND PASSION RUNS HIGH  
I HURRY TO MY RED HAVEN.  
A LITTLE RED LIGHT, A TURN TO THE RIGHT  
WILL LEAD YOU TO MY RED HAVEN,  
YOU'LL SEE A SMILING FACE ON A PILLOW CASE  
A SMILE DEVINE  
TOMMORROW NIGHT SHE'S SOME OTHER GUY'S  
BUT TONIGHT SHE'S MINE  
JUST MOLLY AND ME, THERE'LL NEVER BE THREE.  
WE'RE CAREFUL IN MY RED HAVEN.

AVIATOR'S TOAST

b9.21

HERE'S TO ME IN MY SOBER MOODS  
WHEN I RATTLE, SIT AND DRINK,  
HERE'S TO ME IN MY DRUNKEN MOODS  
WHEN I GAMBLE, SIN AND DRINK,  
AND WHEN MY FLYING DAYS ARE OVER  
AND MY LIFE ON EARTH IS PAST,  
I HOPE THEY BURY ME UPSIDE DOWN  
SO THE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS !!!

UNCLE JOHN (TO THE TUNE OF "HARK THE ANGELS SING")

UNCLE JOHN AND AUNTIE MARY PAINTED AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE  
THIS SHOULD PROVE SUFFICIENT WARNING, NEVER DO IT IN THE MORNING.  
OVALTINE HAS SET THEM RIGHT, NOW THEY DO IT EVERY NIGHT  
UNCLE JOHN IS HOPING SOON TO RIP ONE OFF IN THE AFTERNOON.

DANANG (TO THE TUNE OF THE "HAPPY WANDERER")

I LOVE TO GO A-WANDERING AROUND DANANG AIR BASE  
AND AS I GO I LOVE TO SING, I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE !!

CHECK THE BALLS (TO THE TUNE OF "CHECK THE BALLS")

CHECK THE BALLS ON THAT BIG COILIE  
FALALALALA LALALALA  
TICKLE THEM AND HE'LL BE JOLLY  
FALALALALA LALALALA

NOTHING COULD BE FINER (TO THE TUNE OF "CAROLINA")

NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE IN YOUR VAGINA  
IN THE MORNING---  
NOTHING COULD BE SWEETER THAN YOUR LEGS AROUND MY PENIS  
IN THE MORNING! ---  
IF I HAD A WISH- AND IT COULD COME TRUE,  
I'D SPEND THE WHOLE NIGHT 69'N WITH YOU  
OH, NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE IN YOUR VAGINA  
IN THE MORNING!---

MY FATHER IS A FIREMAN

MY FATHER IS A FIREMAN, HE PUTS OUT FIRES  
MY BROTHER IS A FIREMAN, HE PUTS OUT FIRES  
MY SISTER IS A FIREMAN'S GAL, SHE PUTS OUT TOO !!



CHOURS: OH, POLL YOUR LEG OVER  
OH, POLL YOUR LEG OVER  
OH, POLL YOUR LEG OVER THE MAN ON THE MOON

IF THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS LITTLE WHITE RABBITTS  
I'D BE A HARE AND TEACH THEM BAD HABITS.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS UP FOR IMPROVEMENT  
I'D GIVE THEM SOME HELP WITH A BALL-BEARING MOVEMENT.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS LITTLE WHITE KITTENS  
AND I WAS A TOM CAT, I'D GIVE THEM NEW FITTIN'S.

IF ALL THE YOUNG LADIES WAS B--GS  
AND I WAS A FIGHTER, I'D BUZZ THEIR BEHINDS.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS DIAMONDS AND PUBIES  
AND I WERE A JEWELER, I'D SHINE UP THEIR BOOBIES.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS WHEELS ON A CAR,  
THEN I'D BE THE PISTON AND GO TWICE AS FAR...

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS PUSHES A-CROWING,  
I'D TAKE OUT MY SCYTNE AND AND SET OUT A-MOVING.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS BELLS IN A TOWER,  
THEN I'D BE THE MASON AND I'D BANG EVERY HOUR.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS TRICKS IN A PILE,  
THEN I'D BE THE MASON AND I'D LAY THEM IN STYLE.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS FISH IN THE OCEAN,  
AND I WERE A WHALE, I'D SHOW THEM THE MOTION.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS FISH IN A POOL,  
I'D BE A SHAPK WITH A WATER-PROOF TOOL.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS WHEAT IN A FIELD,  
AND I WERE A REAPER, I'D MAKE THEM ALL YIELD.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS TREES IN A FOREST,  
AND I WERE A WOODSMAN, I'D SPLIT THEIR CLITORIS.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WERE SINGING THIS SONG,  
IT WOULD BE TWICE AS FILTHY AND FOUR TIMES AS LONG.

THE FIRST OF MAY

HURRAY, HURRAY THE FIRST OF MAY!  
CUTDOOR INTERCOURSE STARTS TODAY!!!

I WANTED WINGS TIL I GOT THE GODDAMN THINGS  
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE  
THEY TAUGHT ME TO FLY, AND THEY SENT ME THERE TO DIE  
I'VE HAD MY BELLY FULL OF WAR  
YOU CAN LEAVE ALL THOSE RAIL CUTS, FOR GUYS WHO LOST THERE NUTS  
DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSSES DO NOT COMPENSATE FOR LOSSES  
I WANTED THINGS TIL I GOT THE GODDAMN THINGS  
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE

D9.23

I'LL TAKE THE DAMES WHILE THE REST GO DOWN IN FLAMES  
I'VE NO DESIRE TO BE BURNED  
WHY IS COMBAT CALLED ROMANCE IT ONLY MADE ME SHIT IN MY PANTS  
I'M NOT A FIGHTER I HAVE LEARNED  
TO HELL WITH ALL THAT COMIE FLAK, I PLAN ON GETTIN MY ASS BACK  
I WOULD RATHER LAY A DOLLIE THAN GET SHOT UP INMIG ALLEY  
I WANTED WINGS 'TIL I GOT THE GOD DAMN THINGS  
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE

B E-BOP A JESUS  
HE'S MY SAVIOUR  
BE BOP A JESUS  
BETTER WATCH Y OUR BEHAVIOUR  
BE BOP A JESUS  
HE'S MY SAVIOUR, NOW

JESUS SAVES

CHRIST PUTS HIS MONEY IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
CHRIST PUTS HIS MONEY IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
CHRIST PUTS HIS MONEY IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
JESUS SAVES, JESUS SAVES, JESUS SAVES

CHRIST WALKS ON WATER HE'S THE LIFE GUARD AT OUR POOL  
CHRIST WALKS ON WATER HE'S THE LIFE GUARD AT OUR POOL  
CHRIST WALKS ON WATER HE'S THE LIFE GUARD AT OUR POOL  
JESUS SAVES, JESUS SAVES, JESUS SAVES



DON'T CRY LADY

Pg. 24

DON'T CRY LADY ~~XXXXXX~~

I'LL BUY YOUR GOD DAMN PENCILS

DON'T CRY LADY

I'LL BUY GOD DAMN FLOWERS TOO

DON'T CRY LADY

TAKE OFF THOSE DA RK BROWN GLASSES

HELLO, MOTHER, I KNEW IT WAS YOU

THE BLUE STAR (TUNE: MY BONNIE)

TAKE THE BLUE STAR OUT OF THE WINDOW

REPLACE IT WITH ONE MADE OF GOLD

YOUR SON WAS A GOOD B.A.R. MAN

HE DIED IN A WHORE HOUSE IN SOUL, TOUGH SHIT

CHORUS

THOUGH SHIT, THOUGH SHIT

HE DIED IN A WHORE HOUSE IN SOUL, THOUGH SHIT

THOUGH SHIT, TOUGH SHIT

HE DIED IN A WHORE HOUSE IN SOUL, TOUGH SHIT

TAKE THE BLUE STAR OUT OF THE WINDOW

REPLACE IT WITH ONE MADE OF GOLD

YOUR SON JUST GOT HIT BY A MORTAR

IT BLEW OFF HIS WHOLE FUCKING HEAD, TOUGH SHIT

CHORUS

TAKE THE BLUE STAR OUT OF THE WINDOW

REPLACE IT WITH ONE MADE OF BRASS

YOUR SON WAS AN FBI DRIVER

WHO YESTERDAY BUSTED HIS ASS, TOUGH SHIT

CHORUS

TAKE THE BLUE STAR OUT OF THE WINDOW

YOUR SON HASN'T GOT ANY NERVE

HE SAYS HE'S DEFENDING HIS COUNTRY

BUT HE'S JUST A GOD DAMN RESERVE, TOUGH SHIT

THE TWELVE DAYS OF TET

ON THE FIRST DAY OF TET

MY MARINE GAVE TO ME

A HAND JOB IN A GV

SECONDDAY...TWO BRASS BARS

THIRD DAY...THERE UGLY BAMS

FOURTH DAY...FOUR BLOWN TIRES

FIFTH DAY...FIVE DAYS IN H ACK

SIXTH DAY...SIX DAYS OF DUTY

SEVENTH DAY...SEVEN O'DARK THIRTY

EIGHTH DAY...EIGHT SMELLY SKIVVIES

NINTH DAY...NINE COOKS A GUNNING

TENTH DAY...TEN TPO'S

~~XXXXXXXX~~

ELEVENTH DAY...ELEVEN ACM'S

TWELTH DAY...TWELVE DRIPPY DICKS

HANG IT IN YOUR EAR MRS. MURPHY

Pg. 25

HANG IT IN YOUR EAR MRS. MURPHY  
FOR IT ONLY WEIGHS QUARTER OF A POUND  
ITS GOT HAIR AROUND ITS NECK LIKE A TURKEY  
AND IT SPITS WHEN YOU RUB IT UP AND DOWN

THE OCEANS AREN'T SAFE ANY MORE (FLYING TRAPEZE)

OFF THEY FLY WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE  
THOSE DARING YOUNG MEN IN THEIR AL-ES  
THEY SCATTER THEIR BOMB LOADS ALL OVER THE SEAS  
AND THE OCEANS AREN'T SAFE ANYMORE.

MARY JANE

HERE LIES THE BODY OF MARY JANE  
A GIRL WHO KNOWS NO TERRORS  
A VIRGIN BORN, A VIRGIN DIED  
NO PUNS, NO HITS, NO ERRORS.

MARY JANE BARNES

MARY JANE BARNES, QUEEN OF ALL THE ACROBATS  
SHE COULD DO THE TRICKS THAT WOULD GIVE THE BOYS THE SHITS.  
SHE COULD SHOOT GREEN PEAS OUT HER FUNDAMENTAL ORIFICE  
DO A SOUBIE SOMERSAULT AND CATCH 'EM ON HER TITS  
SHE'S A GREAT BIG SONOFABITCH, TWICE AS BIG AS ME;  
WITH HAIR ON HER ASS LIKE BRANCHES ON A TREE  
SHE CAN FISH, FART FIGHT, FUCK, FLY A PLANE AND DRIVE A TRUCK,  
SHE'S THE KIND OF GIRL THATS GONNA MARRY ME.

WATER MARY (MY BONNIE LIES OVER)

I LOVE TO SEE MARY MAKE WATER  
SHE PISSES A BEAUTIFUL STREAM  
SHE CAN PISS FOR A MILE AND A QUARTER  
YOU CAN'T SEE HER ASS FOR THE STREAM.



I CAN'T FORGET DANANG

I CAN'T FORGET DANANG  
I CAN'T FORGET CHU LAI  
FOR HO CHI MINH SHOT FLACK AT ME  
AND SO DID CH O KH LAI  
I'VE FLOWN NORTH ACROSS THE D.M.Z.  
I'VE DROPPED A BOMB OR TWO  
BUT ALL I GET IS A BUNCH OF SHIT  
FROM YOU AND YOU AND YOU

CHORUS: OH I WAS BORN TO RISK MY ASS  
AND SAVE VIET NAM TOO  
BUT ALL I GET IS A BUNCH OF SHIT  
FROM YOU AND YOU AND YOU

SILVER BOMBS (TUNE OF SILVER BELLS)

CHORUS: SILVER BOMBS, SILVER BOMBS, ITS CHRISTMAS TIME OVER HANOI  
TING A LING, HERE THEM RING, SOON IT WILL BE NAVY'S BIG DAY

BOMBS ARE DROPPING, TRAFFICS STOPPING, LOOK AT ALL THAT NAPALM  
AND ON EVERY STREET CORNER YOU'LL HERE.....

CHORUS: MOTHERS DYING, CHILDREN CRYING, HO CHI'S TEARING HIS HAIR  
AS THE BOMBS FLY IN THE AIR

BOMBS ARE DROPPING, STEEL MILLS FLOPPING, INDUSTRY HAS DECREASED  
ALL THE V.C. WILL HAVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

CHORUS

FIGHTER PILOT'S LAMENT (TUNE OF THUNDERROAD)

LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY, AND I CAN TELL IT ALL  
ABOUT A FIGHTER PILOT, WHO LOVED HIS ALCOHOL  
DRINKING ALL ONE EVENING, HE DIDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT  
EARLY NEXT MORNING HE TOOK HIS FATAL FLIGHT

CRAWLED OUT THROUGH THE PREFLIGHT, HE FELT A LITTLE SICK  
YELLED TO THE PLANE CAPTAIN, PLUG HER IN QUICK

JUMPED INTO HIS COCKPIT, HE DIDN'T WEAR HIS MASK  
REACHED INTO HIS FLIGHT SUIT AND PULLED OUT A FLASK

CHORUS: THUNDER, THUNDER OVER CHU LAI BAY, LIGHTENING WAS HIS  
ENGINE BUT HE WAS BOUND TO DIE THIS DAY

WHISKEY, WHISKEY TO SLAKE A DEMONS THIRST  
THE C.O. SWORE TO GET HIM BUT THE DEVIL GOT HIM FIRST.

Cg.26

OK, sounds  
familiar -  
name?

yes

FIGHTER PILOT'S LAMENT (CONT)

D9.27

RAN UP HIS ENGINE, EVERYTHING LOOKED FINE  
ADDED SOME POWER TO TAXI OUT THE LINE

STARTED DOWN THE RUNWAY , HE WAS DOING WELL  
BUT HE OVER ROTATED AND THATS ALL THERE IS TO TELL.

NO MORE CHU LAI

CHORUS: OH, I DONT WANT NO MORE OF THE CHU LAI SCENE  
GEE BUT I WANT TO GO, RIGHT BACK TO QUANTICO  
GEE BUT I WANT TO GO HOME

OUR BOMBS ARE FUSED ELECTRICALLY  
THEY SAY THEY'RE MIGHTY SWELL  
A PAL OF MINE PICKLED ONE  
AND IT BLEW HIM STAIGHT TO HELL

THE MAJORS HERE AT CHULAI  
THEY SAY THEY ARE MIGHTY FINE  
THEY ACT LIKE LIBERACE  
THEY LOOK LIKE FRANKENSTEIN

THE R.I.O.S HERE AT CHU LAI  
THEY SAY THEY ARE MIGHTY FINE  
HOW IN THE HELL DO THEY KNOW  
THEY'VE NEVER FLOWN WITH MINE

THE PILOTS HERE AT CHU LAI ARE A VERY SPECIAL KIND  
HALF OF THEM NEARLY DEAF  
~~THE OTHERS~~ OTHERS ALMOST BLIND

THE DOCTORS THAT THEY GAVE US WERE NEALLY SUBLIME  
THE FIRST FLEW THE GOONEY BIRD THE OTHER WAS GONE ALL THE TIME

THE ARMY CAME TO CHU LAI EXPECTING QUITE A BALL  
THEY ALL SLEPT TOGETHER  
ONE MORTAR GOT 'EM ALL

THE STARTING PODS AT CHU LAI ARE MAINTAINED BY THE GROUP  
WHEN IT COMES TO TURNING ENGINES  
THEY NEVER HAVE THE POOP

THE RIOS IN OUR SQUADRON ARE A HOSTILE BUNCH  
CRITICIZE ANY ONE OF THEM  
YOU'LL GET A SUNDAY PUNCH



MOUNTAIN DEW

pg. 28

MY BROTHER BILL'S GOT A STILL ON THE HILL  
WHERE HE RUNS OFF A GALLON OR TWO  
AND THE BIRDS IN THE SKY GET SO DRUNK THEY CAN'T FLY  
JUST FROM BREATHING GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

CHOURS\*

OH, THEY CALL IT THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW, AND THOSE THAT REFUSE  
IT ARE FEW.  
I'LL SHUT UP MY MUG IF YOU'LL FILL UP MY JUG  
WITH THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

MY UNCLE MORT, HE'S SAWED-OFF AND SHORT, HE MEASURES ABOUT  
FOUR FEET TWO.  
BUT YOU'D THINK HE WAS A GAIN, IF YOU GAVE HIM A PINT  
OF THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

DOWN THE ROAD FROM ME THERE'S AN OLD HOLLOW TREE, WHERE  
YOU LAY DOWN A DOLLAR OR TWO.  
THEN YOU GO ROUND THE BEND, WHEN YOU COME BACK AGAIN  
THERE'S A JUG OF THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

MR. ROOSEVELT TOLD'EM JUST HOW HE FELT WHEN HE HEARD THAT THE  
DRY LAW WAS THROUGH.  
"IF YOUR WISKEY'S TOO RED, IT'LL SWELL UP YOUR HEAD  
SO GET A JUG OF THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW."

THE PREACHER RODE BY WITH HIS HIGH HAT AND TIE, AND HE SAID THAT  
HIS WIFE HAD THE FLU,  
SO HE BOUGHT HER A PINT AND SHE'LL SOON BE ALRIGHT  
JUST FROM DRINKING THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

MY SISTER JUNE BROUGHT SOME PARIS PERFUME, AND IT HAD SUCH A SWEET  
SMELLING PHEW,  
BUT MUCH TO HER SURPRISE, WHEN IT WAS ANALYZED  
IT WAS ONLY THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

THE F4J IS A DOG SO THEY SAY, ITS NO ROCKETSHIP, THAT'S TRUE  
BUT SHE'LL GO TWICE AS FAST IF YOU STOP USING GAS  
AND START BURNING THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

THE LITTLE QUOTES THAT MAKE THE DAY WORTHWHILE !!!!!

\* - SILVER EAGLES - \*  
CODE'S

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 101 YOU'VE GOT TO BE SHITTING ME           | 128 DEAD BUG                     |
| 102 GET OFF MY FUCKIN BACK                 | 129 A WEEK TO TEN DAYS           |
| 103 BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF ME               | 130 CAN I GET A HOO-RAY          |
| 104 WHAT THE FUCK, OVER                    | 131 WHAT GARDEN?                 |
| 105 IT'S SO FUCKING BAD, I CAN'T BELIVE IT | 132 730 CRASHED ANOTHER ONE      |
| 106 I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE              | 133 THE FUCKIN GRUNTS IN         |
| 107 THIS PLACE SUCKS                       | LOVE AGAIN                       |
| 108 FUCK YOU VERY MUCH                     | 134 I'VE GOT LESS HOURS THAN     |
| 109 LOVELY, SIMPLY FUCKING LOVELY          | YOU HAVE DAY'S                   |
| 110 THAT GODDAMNED "O" CLUB                | 135 FUCKIN NEW GUY               |
| 111 BEAUTIFUL, JUST FUCKING BEAUTIFUL      | 136 NO 17 GOT THE CLAP           |
| 112 FUCK!! SHIT!! PISS!!                   | 137 MICK LIKES #3 BETTER THAN #4 |
| 113 SKIPPER'S GOT THE 6 X                  | 138 WE'RE LEAVING NEXT FUCKING   |
| 114 I JUST GOT FUCKED                      | MONTH                            |
| 115 BIG FUCKING DEAK                       | 139 BUSH HOGS CAN'T SEE          |
| 116 HANG IT IN YOUR FUCKING EAR            | 140 WHAT MAKES WILLARD ROUND     |
| 117 GET BENT                               | 141 JUST ANOTHER FUCKING REASON  |
| 118 GIVE A SHIT, GIVE A SHIT               | WHY.                             |
| 119 YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF FUCKING BALLS      | 142 HOW MANY TIMES THIS GODDAMN  |
| 120 MERRY FUCKING CHRISTMAS                | WAR GOING TO END                 |
| 121 FUCK IT, JUST FUCK IT                  |                                  |
| 122 SHIT HOT !!                            |                                  |
| 123 BITCHEN!!                              |                                  |
| 124 TELL SOME ONE WHO GIVES A SHIT         |                                  |
| 125 DON'T GET FUCKING WISE                 |                                  |
| 126 G. A. F.                               |                                  |
| 127 HO, HO, FUCKING HO                     |                                  |

LAST PAGE

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ANY COMPLAINTS KEEP THEM TO

YOUR FUCKING SELF.!!!!!!!

ANY ADDITIONS SUBMIT TO MAINT ADMIN.

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE TAX DEDUCTABLE !!!!!!!!

YOUR'S FREELY MAINT/ADMIN.